The Merry Plow-Man,

AND

Loving Milk-Maid

See how the loving Country-Men
And Maidens do agree;
While they expreſs their happineſs,
And both contented be.

To the Tune of, Jenny Gin, Hey Boys up go we, the fair one let me in.

WE that do lead a Country Life,
in pleaſures do abound,
We ſtill live free from care and ſtrife,
and are encompaſſ'd round
With ſuch content, that Mortal Men
no happier can be;
And London Gallants tell me then
who lives ſo well as we.

We have the pleaſant Fields and Groves,
wherein we take delight,
And there we walk with our true Loves,
when Luna ſhines moſt bright;
And thoſe that have great ſtore of wealth,
no happier can they be,
We work full hard, and have our health,
and who ſo merry as we.

The murmuring Rivers by us glide,
where tipling Fiſhes play,
While our true Loves walk by our ſide,
to paſs the time away;
Such ſweets and comforts we poſſeſs,
with true felicity,
That none enjoys more happineſs,
nor more content, than we.

The Merry Plow-Man,

AND

Loving Milk-Maid

See how the loving Country-Men
And Maidens do agree;
While they expreſs their happineſs,
And both contented be.

To the Tune of, Jenny Gin, Hey Boys up go we, the fair one let me in.

WE that do lead a Country Life,
in pleaſures do abound,
We ſtill live free from care and ſtrife,
and are encompaſſ'd round
With ſuch content, that Mortal Men
no happier can be;
And London Gallants tell me then
who lives ſo well as we.

We have the pleaſant Fields and Groves,
wherein we take delight,
And there we walk with our true Loves,
when Luna ſhines moſt bright;
And thoſe that have great ſtore of wealth,
no happier can they be,
We work full hard, and have our health,
and who ſo merry as we.

The murmuring Rivers by us glide,
where tipling Fiſhes play,
While our true Loves walk by our ſide,
to paſs the time away;
Such ſweets and comforts we poſſeſs,
with true felicity,
That none enjoys more happineſs,
nor more content, than we.

OUr true Loves with their Milking-pales
go merrily along,
And foot it o're the Hills and Dales,
singing a merry song:
And nothing doth our Loves molest,
but chearful still we be,
And think our selves of all most blest,
such happy Men are we.

We use no flattering Complements,
our Sweet-hearts to betray,
But plainly tell them our intents,
and mean what we do say;
While London Citizens pretend
such store of constancy,
Our Loves do last to our lives end,
and none more true than we.

No jealous thoughts possess our breast,
but we contented are,
Both night and day we are at rest,
and Strangers are to care:
From doubts, from discontents, and fears,
no Mortals live more free,
And thus most plainly it appears,
none happier are than we.

But mind how each tite Country Lass
doth trip it o're the Plain,
As they the silent Meadows pass,
their amorous Notes they strain;
And when we hear their lovely Charms,
so sweet they seem to be,
We often wish them in our Arms,
such loving Souls are we.

And when we to the Fold do go,
to over-see our Flocks,
Who sometimes wander to and fro,
and Graze amongst the Rocks:
To think upon our hearts delights,
so pleasant seems to be,
That Gentlemen, and worthy Knights,
know no such joys as we.

Thus we that often drive the Plows,
have share of Earthly Bliss,
And from the Maids that Milk the Cows,
we oft steal many a Kiss;
To Feasts and Fairs we often go,
where divers sports we see,
And when bright Phœbus groweth low,
then home again walk we.

And thus the lusty Country Lad
doth spend his vacant hours,
With her who makes his heart full glad,
amongst the shady Bowers:
And often tumbles his true Love,
beneath the Myrtle Tree,
Since nothing can our joys remove,
what Men so blest as we.

Printed for J. Deacon, at the Angel in Guilt-Spur-Street without Newgate